The Bloomfield Record.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1880.

Remembered and Forgotten.

What shall we remember;
What shall we forget?
Seems the vexing question,
Over which men fret,
Till the shining angel,
Charity by name,
Points to her white record,
Known to earthly fame.

What shall we remember?
Every kindly thought;
Every well-fought battle;
Every good thing wrought;
Every thoughtful saying;
Every honest deed,
Done by friends and neighbors
For each other's need.

What shall we remember?
Nothing that will harm;
Nothing that will scatter
Trouble and alarm;
Nothing that will foster
Hatred in the heart;
Nothing that will make us
Act the vengeful part.

What shall be forgotten?
Everything that mars;
Everything that brings up
Old forgotten scars;
Everything that rankles;
Everything that stings—
Making room for treasures
And all beauteous things.

What shall be forgotten
As we pass along?
Every jealous feeling;
Every grudge and wrong.
If we close our journey
With our faults forgiven,
What shall be forgotten?
Everything but heaven.

ANNIE'S HUSBAND.

Godfrey Prime was a very rich and successful merchant.

He had no wife, and but one child, a daughter whom he loved, and upon whom it was his delight to lavish everything she asked for. If money would buy it.

Annie Prime was beautiful, and she was a girl of considerable sense, too much so, indeed, to be easily suited in her choice of a husband.

She had many suitors, but none of them suited her.

One day the merchant came home to his splendid mansion, looking like a ghost he was so pale. His hair seemed to have grown several degrees whiter since he went away in the morning.

Going to his private room he locked the door and loaded a pistol.

"If I kill myself," he said, "Annie will be obliged to marry some one of her rich admirers, because she will have no home without. I could never endure to live and see her suffer the miseries of poverty which her rearing has ill fitted her to bear."

Then he took the pistol in his hand and looked at it calmly.

"You will do neither if you please, papa," said Annie herself, coming forward from behind the curtain of a window in which she had been sitting since he entered the room. "What is the matter? Why do you wish to kill yourself?"

"Annie," said the merchant, sadly, "ever since your mother died I have lived only for you. But of late I have been unfortunate. I stand to-day on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Well, I am sure that is bad enough, without your killing yourself," said Annie. "Do you imagine, oh, foolish papa, that all the riches of the world could make up to me the loss of you?"

The merchant started and looked down as if ashamed. Then he opened wide his arms and his daughter flew into them.

"Promise me this moment, papa," she said, "that you will never think of such a wicked, cruel thing again."

"My darling," answered the merchant, with emotion, "I never will. I can stem the tide a month longer—possibly six weeks. I should not care myself how soon the crash came, if I could see you provided for. Will you not, in that time, choose yourself a husband from among the many who are so anxious to marry you?"

Annie, seeing how earnestly her father looked, said:

"I'll honestly try, papa. But whoever I choose must know the truth about your affairs before I shall marry him."

"Certainly," said her father, "but I am sure it will make no difference. You are too sweet and beautiful to be loved for anything but yourself."

Upon the following evening, when Annie received company, she made a careful toilet.

She was a brown-eyed blonde, and she wore a pale green tissue of silk, looped with water lilies, in her floating hair.

She looked a siren, but no siren was ever so indifferent to the homage lavished at her feet.

One after another they came—the tall, the short, the fair, the dark. She looked in the blue eyes, and she looked in black; but not a heart beat quickened, not even when the handsomest man in the room bent low before her, and murmured flattering words in honeyed tones.

All would not do. Slight or positive aversion to some of them, and having everything she wanted, because of her father's indulgence, she could not bring herself to the idea of marrying a man whom she did not care half so much for as she did for a pet canary.

When the month was nearly up, during which the merchant, while he waited anxiously, said nothing, Annie spoke:

"Papa," she said, "you are worth a dozen of them. I would rather live in poverty with you than in affluence with any one of them."

"You don't know what poverty is," said her father, gloomily.

"But I have a capital idea, papa," said the daughter, bravely. "I am sure you can save enough from the wreck to furnish two rooms, and the cook has been giving me lessons. Won't it be fun?"

The ruined merchant sighed, but he was not altogether displeased.

The girl had such a sweet and coaxing voice—she looked at him so lovingly, and he was in the habit of giving her everything she wanted. So the end was he let her do as she liked in this.

Godfrey Prime saved nothing from the wreck. He was an honorable man, and gave up everything to his creditors; even his daughter's many costly ornaments—with her consent, too.

But even then all was not paid, and humble as was the home to which they betook themselves, the saddest thought was that a dollar remained unpaid against the name of Prime.

"It must be paid, somehow," said Annie. "Oh, is there anything great, anything grand that I could do! It is a shame there is not, after all you have laid out for me, papa. Why, I am the worst investment you ever made, I believe. Help me to think if there is no way in which I can earn money to send you even with the world again. I could not be an artist, for though you paid my drawing master such fabulous sums, I am sure if I were to sketch an animal, you would be able to distinguish that it had four legs and a head, and that would be all. I never could make any difference between a horse's head and a dog's head. I don't think I ever should succeed as an actress, and though I have a terrible voice, I should be so ashamed if I tried to sing in public, that I could not utter a note."

"Ah, my child," said the father, "if you had only married some one of those rich admirers of yours."

Annie laughed.

"What is the use of saying that, papa? Not one of them has been near us since your failure. I always suspected they were not to be trusted. But it one of them did care enough about me to come forward now and offer to pay those dreadful debts, I believe I would fall in love with him out of sheer gratitude. I would marry a clod to see your name clear of those dreadful debts."

The father and daughter had come out for a short walk at evening, and neither of them noticed that as Annie said these words a gentleman who had been walking behind them, passed them slowly, with a lingering glance into the girl's beautiful face.

Some days passed, and then a very queer letter came to Annie Prime. It read:

"DEAR MISS—I hav watcht you offn when yudidunt no it. i hurd wat you sed to yure fother abowt enny wun hoo kut pa hiz dets. I ken doo it, if youle hev mee, will ime clod, but ive got the mubny. Ware a red rose in yure hare, wen yu go out to wauk the next tyme, if you accep, and the jent that gives yu a bokay will be me. CLOD."

Annie spelled this epistle with some difficulty, for it was miserably written aside from the spelling. Then she showed it to her father, and laughed till she cried.

"He spells rose with a z and father with an o. But I think I shall 'accep,' papa, if you do not object, just for the sake of the 'bokay.' You'll be with me, you know."

Accordingly, the merry girl, when she went to walk that night, wore a red rose coquettishly below one ear, where its crimson and velvet beauty brought out the golden tint of her matchless hair brilliantly.

Her father was walking with her. They had not been walking long before they noticed something in the strangest specimen of humanity that either of them had ever beheld.

He was tall and awkward in his movements, his hair long and straight on his shoulders. He wore a broad-brimmed slouch hat of soft felt, a swallow tail and plaid ill-mentionables, with patent-leather boots, narrow of toes and high of heels. In one hand he carried a bouquet, which he held at arm's length, as if something explosive.

"Here he is, papa," said Annie, with a smothered laugh. "Now be sure you are civil to him."

She accepted the bouquet which the stranger proffered her smilingly, and her father invited him to go with them, which he did.

Annie noticed with some surprise that her bouquet was made up with exquisite taste. But that she attributed to the florist, of whom the "clod" had probably purchased it.

But what surprised her most was to find when the evening was over and the strange guest had departed, how much she really enjoyed it. In spite of his oddities and awkwardness, the "clod" had contrived to be interesting.

"He has fine eyes and good features, papa," she said, "and if he would cut his hair and dress with some regard to taste, he would please me better than any of those suitors whom you would have liked me to marry, and whom I am sure would instantly withdraw their suits had they known the condition of your affairs. I wonder if he is really so rich as he says?"

"Have no anxiety about the money," said Godfrey Prime to his daughter, after a few days. "The fellow has come unexpectedly into a large fortune. He could pay my debts and not miss the money. And if he should, missing it, he always stands ready to do it if you will marry him."

"I am ready," said Annie, gayly. "My heart warms to him already."

The marriage took place soon.

The merchant was reinstated in his business, and in a grander and more flourishing manner than before.

The splendid residence which he and his daughter inhabited before his bankruptcy was purchased and refurnished in the most magnificent manner.

Only one thing troubled Annie. Her "clod" still retained a "clod," do what she would. All her efforts—though she had made him cut his hair and banish his rainbow suit—could not make him any different from what he was at first.

But he was devoted to her, and because of his riches, everybody courted him. His very awkwardness became the fashion, and his most ungrammatical speeches were passed from tongue to tongue as profound wit.

Besides all this he had a good heart, so much genuine kindness of disposition, being always ready to succor the unfortunate, and he loved her so well that Annie could not help loving him in return.

"Dear Clod," she said to him one day, despairingly, when, in spite of all her instruction, he would flame out in a fancy necktie, and persist in saying "hain't" for "have not," dear Clod, you are too stupid for belief, but somehow I can't help loving you for all that."

The "clod" smiled, and kissed her most tenderly.

"I have been stupid," he said, "and you have been more patient than I deserve. But from this hour you shall see a change in me."

Annie laughed indulgently. She had resigned herself to see him always a "clod."

But to her amazement, that evening when her parlors were filling with the elite and fashionable of the city, her husband presented himself attired in exquisite taste, and so altered in every other respect that only the eyes of love could have traced in this elegant gentleman any of the characteristics of the "clod."

Everybody started, and Annie, understanding that he had been playing a part, was grieved and offended.

"How could you, sir," she asked him reproachfully, "I don't know how I can ever forgive you."

Her husband laughed in her face a little roguishly.

"I'd do it again for the same reward, and if you don't forgive me I'll go back and be a 'clod' for the rest of my days."

The threat was sufficient.

The Rev. Burt Baldwin, the oldest surviving graduate of Yale, and the only living member of the class of 1800, died at Montrose, Pa., aged ninety-one. He was regarded as the founder of the American school system, and a school was organized under his direction at Newark, N. J., in the first quarter of the present century. The application of a colored woman for admission caused much apprehension, but she was admitted, and the school at Parsippany for the education of colored teachers was soon instituted.

Mummy cloth, much improved, will be among the fashionable spring goods.

The Story of a Great Paris Mystery.

The Parisians, says a Paris correspondent, are determined to have a mystery now and then. They have been fond of something of the kind ever since the time of the Tour de Nesle. Only the other day they were horrified with blood-curdling descriptions of a house in an obscure suburb which had been rented by a stranger forbidding in appearance and evidently bent upon the consummation of some hideous crime, judging from the preparations which he had made. Rumors ran in the neighborhood that he was darkly engaged in plotting against the life of some one—for he had brought to the house a huge case made of solid wood, lined with heavy cloth and pierced with air-holes. It seemed just the sort of thing in which to imprison some helpless creature whom he was desirous of torturing. The woman of whom he had hired the house spied his movements in a most indiscreet manner, and when one day she saw him bring in half a dozen chains, such as are ordinarily used for dogs, she could not restrain herself any longer, so she went off to the neighbors with a terribly magnified version of the whole matter, and the result was that the police were called in. Meantime the mysterious stranger appeared to have gained some knowledge of the movement against him, for he disappeared and was heard of no more—at that period.

The police agents came out from Paris and spent a day or two in the house. There stood the wooden case, gaping wide open, with its cushioned sides and the staples driven into them, seeming to indicate that a human being was to be chained in there alive. The agents began to think that some attempt at blackmail was to be made by a band of clever criminals. Every endeavor was made to catch the supposed culprit, and the concierges, shoemakers and water carriers of the capital, with bated breath, nightly discussed the mystery, until one fine morning the prefect of police received a letter from a wealthy gentleman, who lives but a little way from Paris, explaining the whole matter. It appears that some six weeks ago this gentleman was bitten by one of his dogs in such a manner as to awaken suspicions in his mind that the dog was mad. He cauterized the wound, but the thought that he was a possible victim of hydrophobia so preyed upon his mind that he determined to separate himself from his family for a time, and to experiment upon certain animals, by inoculating them with his own blood, in order to ascertain if in case were really working in his system. With his decision he hired the house in the suburbs and prepared a case in which he proposed to shut up three of his dogs, and to study their symptoms until he felt sure either that he was free from danger or that there was a crisis to fear. Just as he was about to bring the dogs to the cottage and to inoculate them, he found that the meddlesome neighbors were likely to get him into temporary trouble, so he gave up his design. He enclosed to the prefect the false beard and spectacles with which he had been disguised when he rented the cottage. The prefect smiled the peculiar smile which men do when compelled to admit that they are sold, and the great mystery was at an end.

The Nightingale.

One of the most celebrated of songbirds is the nightingale, or night-singer, as it is a migratory bird. Do you know what this is? It is a bird that visits in Northern home early in the spring and quits it for the South early in the autumn. It migrates.

This famous bird is common in nearly all parts of Europe. It haunts woods, thickets and gardens. It migrates into Egypt and Syria. It has been seen among the willows of Jordan and the olive trees of Judea. In no part of Europe is it more common than in Spain or Italy; but even in these southern regions the bird is migratory.

The nightingale is shy in its habits. Its nest is placed low and hidden from view. Its eggs, five in number, are of an olive brown. Its food consists of insects. In color it is brown with a reddish tinge on the back and tail.

As a songster the bird is unsurpassed. The nightingales are heard at intervals during the day, they are poured forth in their greatest perfection on quiet evenings, an hour or two after sunset; and when the moon is nearly full, and the weather is serene, the melodious song of the nightingale may be heard at midnight.

The late Bishop Stanley, of England, gives an account of one that he raised from the nest. It was kept in a cage two years then the cage was hung at the open door, and the bird was allowed to go out.

At first it returned regularly every evening. As the season advanced, it sometimes stayed all night in the garden, but if called by its own note whose voice it knew, it would return and feed from his hand. In the autumn, as the evenings got cool, it would return to its cage again before nightfall. It was taken as usual into the house and kept there for the winter. This is a curious instance of the force of habit overcoming the instinct of a bird.—*The Nursery.*

The Number of Indians.

In the various States and Territories of the West the Indians are distributed as follows:

Indian Territory	69,110
Dakota	36,279
Montana	22,486
Washington Territory	12,920
Arizona	11,438
New Mexico	10,068
Oregon	5,849
Idaho	4,607
Wisconsin	4,005
Minnesota	7,627
Nebraska	5,898
Colorado	3,768
Nevada	3,427
California	1,974
Wyoming	1,800
Kansas	1,110
Utah	576

Of the entire number 100,000 are civilized, living in log-houses or other dwellings, and are cultivating the soil; 125,000 are semi-civilized, living in wigwams, and beginning to adopt the habits of civilization; 75,000 are not yet civilized. These latter lead a roving life, and with them the pioneer will yet have to contend, while for some years, border breaks being at any time liable to occur, as illustrated in the recent troubles with the Indians in Colorado.—*Helena (Mon.) Independent.*

The Reporter and Type-Setting of the Future.

In the London *Times* newspaper office, one of Edison's loud-speaking telephones is to be used. The reporter in parliament, in place of going with his shorthand notes to the office, and reading them to the copyists, reads them before the telephone, thus saving the time of travel, while at the other end of the line in the office the copyist hears it as well as if the short hand writer was with him. Now we expect that it will come to this: Such a telephone will be placed close to the operator of a type-setting machine, so that he can hear what is spoken, and by manipulating his keyboard it is at once set up in type. The speaking may be 100 or 1,000 miles away. It does not make any difference. In this way night speeches made in Congress in Washington may be set up in type in New York at the moment they are spoken, and printed within the same hour. Wo'nk the prophesy that it will be so.—*Practical American.*

How a Newspaper Secured a "Scoop."

To a correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* Mr. Henry L. Stephens has told the following story: It was about 1860. The *Illustrated News*, published by Demorest, and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* had been fighting for months over Sayers' trial and the John Heenan trial and execution; and it was about mine and tuck, for the *News* had Nast. Then came the Heenan-Sayers prize fight, in England. It was a mortal struggle between the two papers. Both sent artists to England.

About the time the fight was to come off, and a week or two before we could possibly hear of it, for there was no cable then, the *Illustrated News* came out with the announcement that they had sent Mr. Thomas Nast to England to draw a picture of the fight, and Mr. Anthony to engrave it on wood on the Vanderbilt, while coming home, and that it would be published on the very day of the steamer's arrival. Something must be done to save us from wreck. Next morning "the governor" (Mr. Leslie) called me to a vacant room upstairs, and locked the door as I went in. "We must have a picture of the fight," said he, "on this." And he laid his hand on a great block on the table, large enough for a four-page picture. Said he: "Take this room. Keep it locked. Admit nobody but me and the two or three other artists that you will need, and compel us to give a certain specified signal. We must knock the *News* out of time."

He told me to call for anything or any man I wanted. I sent for Perkins, who was English, who knew the low country around Fransborough. Leslie, who was English too, thought the fight would come off on level ground with a background of English furze. Perkins struck the ring and laid out a vague perspective with English trees and hedge-rows.

Then we sent down to "The Fewter Mug" for Brown to represent Heenan. Brown was a stripper, standing at least six feet three inches and weighing not less than two hundred pounds. We got Thad. Glover to do Sayers. He was a very lively and pretty sparrer. They went at it hammer and tongs, as I waited, crayon in hand, to catch their attitude when it was right. I can see them now skittering and hopping around the little room, driving one another into a corner, and getting one another's heads in chancery, and finally, when Heenan-Brown gave Sayers-Glover a vicious side winder on the ear, taking pains not to hit him though, the governor cried "stop!" and they posed in that attitude, and I caught it on paper. Then the pugilists went out and took a drink. I drew the faces of Heenan and Sayers on the bodies; then I put a lot of figures and heads, and then sent for Wollin, an Englishman, and he put in a dozen or so typical English heads, with English hats, etc., and then I sent for Twaites, and he added a great lot of English spectators. I took it then and finished it up, and then the block was sawed into sixty pieces and divided among sixty artists to be engraved. About half of it was sent to Philadelphia and Boston. Of course they didn't recognize their own work when the paper was out. Then the whole was electrotyped, and an immense edition of the paper was printed on one side, ready for the type on the other.

When we came to write out the account of the fight we made it very vague, making much of the preliminaries already known here, with biographies of the men, etc. Everything was ready. One morning I came down town and found the streets flooded with *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It seemed to me there were millions of copies. I never saw so many papers in my life. It was the biggest success there ever was. The *News*, with Nast's picture, was not out till six hours afterward, and then the whole picture made only two pages, and looked mean enough by the side of our four-page cut. And the best of it was that we had ten times as much landscape and perspective as Nast, his picture showing nothing but conventional tree tops over the heads of the spectators, while we had miles and miles of mead and woodland.

Leslie was delighted. I never saw him in such a happy frame of mind. He must have made thousands of dollars that week. "What's the sense of denouncing such pictures as bogus," said he, "when we have ten times as good a picture as that, taken on the spot?" The beauty of it was that by accident we placed the men right—Heenan's back to the sun, as it actually was in the fight, though of course we couldn't know he had won the toss. This puzzled even those who knew we must have made the picture here, and everybody was bewildered.

From Boston for Australia in a Small Boat.

Included in the "free list" of passengers on board the steamship City of Para, which arrived in New York from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, a short time ago, were Herbert Burrill and Andrew B. Coombes. These two men, at 3 P. M., on July 9 last, in a boat nineteen feet long, five feet four inches beam, and two feet six inches depth of hold, 1 14-100 tons capacity, the hull built of cypress wood and decked over with white pine and schooner rigged, sailed from Boston for Melbourne, Australia, where they hoped to obtain a fortune by exhibiting their boat and themselves at the world's exhibition. The boat was named the Golden Gate, and with a supply of provisions, mostly canned meats, and three tanks of fresh water, they hoped to reach Melbourne without making any stops, excepting in the Straits of Magellan.

Each of the men stood six hour watches, and they succeeded very well in their voyage, having moderate weather, until they reached the Cape de Verde islands, fifty-eight days from Boston, when, feeling tired and partially exhausted, they put into St. Iago, where they remained seven days to recruit their health and replenish their supply of provisions. They sailed from St. Iago September 17, and soon afterward encountered stormy weather which continually increased in violence. The floods of water which came into their boat damaged a large portion of the provisions, which they were compelled to throw overboard. They worked for several days without relief, and then, as their provisions were fast becoming short, they hastily scanned the horizon for some friendly craft.

With disappointed hopes they continued on until they had gone nearly as far south as Cape Colony, and close to the west coast of Africa, when their canned provisions being entirely gone they determined to make for the island of St. Helena. For twenty-five days they subsisted on cocoa, and then finding that the adverse weather would prevent them from reaching St. Helena, they concluded to make for the coast of Brazil. The two adventurers by this time were completely disheartened and nearly prostrated with exhaustion. As they were about to give up all hope they sighted land, and their boat was run ashore in a few hours afterward at Torre, about eighty miles north of Bahia, Brazil.

They then secured passage for themselves and their boat to Bahia on a schooner, and left that port on the City of Para. The two men thought they had had a tough experience, but believed they would come out all right.

A poor relation—The crude effort of a story-writer.—*American Punch.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Recipes.

APPLE JELLY.—Core and cut out all bad spots from the apples, then add a very little water and stew as for apple sauce; when done put into a bag and hang up to drain; when cool enough squeeze gently; be careful not to get the pulp through. To a pint of juice add a pound of sugar; boil twenty minutes and it is done.

BREAD CAKE.—Four cups dough, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cream, two eggs, one teaspoon saleratus. Mix with the hands and add a little flour, also fruit and spices to suit the taste, and let it rise well before baking.

CORN MEAL POMPS.—Three cupfuls of milk, warmed a little; two and a half cupfuls of yellow Indian meal; one and a half cupfuls of wheat flour; a good pinch of salt; one cupful of good sweet yeast. Set to rise in the morning (if wanted for supper), and when the sponge is light stir in three eggs well beaten, one-half cupful of molasses and a small lump of butter, melted. Let it stand another hour or two, and bake in gem pans, taking care to grease well and heat before dropping in the batter. Bake at least half an hour in a quick oven. As a "set" of gem pans does not take a sufficient quantity at one time for us, I use my old tea and coffee cups that are "chipped" or with broken handles, and out of use; they turn out in just as pretty a shape, and then only the one baking is necessary.—*Bessie Burton.*

A NICE CUSTARD.—Scald a quart of milk and pour it hot on broken eggs. Take five eggs, throw out the yolks of two, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and add a little vanilla. Set it to steam in a close-covered vessel for six minutes, then set it on ice until wanted for use.

SPINACH.—Boil twenty minutes in plenty of boiling salt water; drain and chop very fine; return to the saucepan, with a little sugar, pepper, salt and tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour; stir until hot and dry enough to be molded; turn out, shape into a flat-topped ridge upon a hot dish, and lay the chops at the base.

Sharpening Tools.

Among the hints most seasonable on either the garden or the farm, few things are more serviceable than those relating to the sharpening of tools. Too often these things are not thought of until the articles are wanted, when much valuable time is lost in putting in order what might as well have been done during the dull winter days. Even the smartest of us do not think enough of these things, and indeed hardly know how much we lose by having dull tools to work with. It has been tolerably accurately computed that the same man can do as much in two days with a sharp scythe, as with one but comparatively dull, and the same expenditure in force, in three. And it is just the same in regard to all other tools or implements, whether operated by hand, steam or horse power. The engineer continually oils the machinery, and a good saw or file is oil to hand implements. We know of one who has a great deal of hand hoeing to do by hired labor, and he believes that the continued use of the file on the hoe makes a difference of nearly one-half in the labor. His calculation is that every ten-cent file he buys saves him ten dollars in his laborers' bills. Now is the time to look after the spades, scythes, hoes, chisels, saws, etc.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Zinc Labels for Trees.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says: Unless frequently examined, the wire used to fasten labels to trees is apt to injure the tree by cutting into and sometimes girdling it. An improvement on this is to make and attach the labels as follows: A convenient size is five or six inches long, and an inch wide at one end, tapering to a point at the other. Write the name, date of setting and anything else of special interest in connection with the specimen, on the widest end with a common lead pencil, and wind the pointed end round a limb. As fast as the tree grows the flexible zinc unwinds without injuring the tree. The pencil marks unite chemically with the zinc and soon become indelible.

Milk Cans.

Particular care should be used in cleaning milk cans. Many cases are on record of diseases in families from using milk infected with noxious germs, from foul milk cans. Milkmen upon again receiving their cans should cleanse them with boiling water, and, it should boil. Very hot steam is better, but few have this facility. It is one of those where the buyer must depend upon the integrity of the sellers. The safe way is for the city milkman to scald the cans thoroughly and when received by the dairyman to again scald. The buyer if at all in doubt, may prevent danger in a great measure by thoroughly boiled milk, but, again, boiled milk is not what buyers wish in a majority of cases.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Hayter Tops.

But few men, says the *Nebraska Farmer*, are aware of the fact that hay is beneficial to hogs, but it is true, nevertheless. Hogs need rough feed as well as horses, cattle or the human race. To prepare it you should have a cutting box (or hay cutter), and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay short and mix with bran, shorts or middlings, and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill or other slop food it is highly relished by them. In winter, use for hogs the same hay you feed to your horses; you will find that, while it saves bran, shorts or other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them.

An Owl at Sea.

The White Star steamship Celtic, which arrived from Liverpool in New York not long since, brought a strange passenger who boarded that vessel in mid-ocean. A large white owl dropped on one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition one evening when the vessel was about 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. When brought on deck by a sailor the owl was found to be nearly dead from cold and hunger, and almost too weak to eat. It had become greatly emaciated, and trembled violently in endeavoring to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed in his beak. The owl slowly recovered, and is now perfectly well. It is a land bird, and is supposed to have been blown off the coast of Newfoundland by the westerly gales which had for some days previous prevailed there. Finding itself out at sea it had probably ceased making efforts to reach the land, and had drifted before the gale, its only efforts being to keep above water. The bird must have possessed remarkable powers of endurance, the officers say, to have kept up so long. The Celtic's owl, which is now quite tame, measures nearly five feet from wing to wing, and is white with the exception of a few small specks of dark color. It will probably live for some time to come on board the vessel which it selected as its home while in mid-ocean.

There must be something wrong when any kind of a subsidy goes begging. A Nassau correspondent writes that there is a standing offer on the part of the Bahama legislature of $10,000 a year for ten years to any company that will lay a cable between Nassau and the United States.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The copper mines of New Mexico are attracting more attention daily. Clifton, some ninety-three miles west of Silver City, is a solid mountain of copper. Though fuel has to be carted thirty miles at a cost of $40 a ton, and the copper when melted has to be carted at a cost of $70 per ton to the nearest railroad station, the business is carried on at a large profit. At Santa Rita, near Silver City, are extensive copper deposits which have been worked over one hundred years. There are many other expensive and rich deposits of native copper.

Two men from Maine recently made a search in a cemetery near Dwight, Ill., for a treasure box said to have been buried there seven years ago by a Swedish adventurer. After a four hours' search the box was found buried at the foot of a certain grave, and under a hard maple tree, which had marks and figures cut deep in the bark. The box contained the will of one Edward Freese; deeds to property near Brooklyn thought to be worth about $6,000, and nearly $2,000 in money and jewelry. It is said that Freese on his deathbed made a statement that he had buried the box in the cemetery near Dwight, where at one time he lived.

A writer in the *Hour*, who lived at Naples from 1870 to 1873, says that he found all through that period that the molten lava in the crater of Vesuvius rose and fell with the phases of the moon. At the time of new moon the lava almost disappeared from the crater, and the flashes of fire were few and far between. As the moon grew toward her full phase, the height of the lava and brilliancy and frequency of the flashes increased, and after she had passed that point they gradually decreased. He suggests that these facts tend to strengthen the theory held by some scientific men that volcanic eruptions are caused by an inflow of the sea to the bowels of the earth.

Rev. Mr. Lawes, on his way to a village in New Guinea, West Africa, met with a chief who, as he welcomed him, expressed a desire to rub oil over him. The missionary declined the honor, upon which the chief looked disappointed, but when he explained that it was a sign of friendship and peace, extended to him as to another chief, and gave him henceforth the freedom of the city, he expressed a willingness to submit to the ordeal. So Mr. Lawes took off his shirt and when the people saw his white skin they shouted for surprise. Mr. Lawes says: "I received the oil and it trickled down in streams as I sat in his house and partook of his hospitality, and I should be willing to be anointed for the sake of peace in every village in New Guinea.

The extraordinary news from San Salvador, in Central America, of the bursting forth of a volcano out of the lake of Ilopango, recalls the yet more wonderful phenomenon of the sudden elevation of the volcano of Jorullo, in the province of Michuacan, Mexico, in the nighttime, between September 28 and 29, 1759. The spot where this fiery mountain, larger and higher than the Storm King, on the Hudson, suddenly sprang into being was a peaceful plain, occupied by sundry cocoa and groves of the guayava, a fruit tree much prized in Mexico. For several months before there had been frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake. Around the new created mountain, which belched forth fire, ashes, mud, hot water and stones, arose immediately similar elevations—*hornitos*, little ovens, the natives call them. Similar phenomena seem to have taken place in the San Salvador eruption.

A Grateful Indian Chief's Letter.

A schoolboy in Cincinnati was moved recently by a letter published in the *Commercial* of that city to write to the Indian chief, American Horse, and send him some pictures. The great chief was pleased, and dictated to his young friend the following letter, in which was inclosed a photograph of himself and wife and daughter:

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, D. T., }
February 20, 1880. }

My Friend Kola: Although you are yet a boy and I am a man forty years old, I call you my friend. I asked for pictures to make my house pleasant, and you have answered me very nicely. I received your letter with the pictures of our great father and his wife day before yesterday, and you made my heart very glad. All the white people saw them—the agent, the traders, our missionaries, and all, and they made me very happy. And then I took them with me to a big council of the chiefs, where Red Cloud and all were, and they all shook hands with the great father and his wife. I am so much pleased with what you have given me that I, with my wife and daughter, am going to see you—I mean our pictures. When you see me (my picture) think of me as hear you; for now I am going to talk with you. My young friend, now that I have come to your house, I seem to be at home, for I find you living just as we are, for we are living just so you see, like white men. So I will not tell you how we are living. My friend, we have an agency with a great many buildings, and we also have a large schoolhouse where our missionaries live, and they are all good. We think a great deal of our teachers and the holy prayer men. We also like our father [the agent;] we prize him very much. Now, my friend, we are beginning to live like white men. We have built a great many log houses. We have plows, and are beginning to learn how to use them. We are now pleased with all those things, and so we are learning how to be like white people.

We were saiced, as it were, and we were lost, as it were, but now we are getting awake and finding our way. The great father is helping us, and the prayer [the church] is helping us, and so we are beginning to live.

Kola [friend] Edwin, I am going to ask you for something again. I want to see you and your father and your mother—I mean your pictures. If you could come to my house I would take good care of you, and you would see some good people. We are Indians, but are now trying to live like white people. My picture was taken four years ago.

My friend [kola,] if you should see us freighting you would say we are white men, although if you should look close you would see that we are Dakotas.

Now, my friend [kola,] I have said a great deal to you. I want you to write me again, now we are friends, and so will write to each other often. I have not seen the paper with my letter. Will you send me one? I wish you could come out and see how we are living. I will shake hands with you and your father, and all your friends.

Your friend. WASICUNTAIUNKA,
(American Horse.)

P. S.—In this letter I have told you of our new ways, our trying to be white men. If you give me another letter I will tell you something about our old ways as Indians. I wanted to tell you the best first.

Written for American Horse by the Rev. H. Burt, missionary.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

"Ah, yes! Time flies!" said he, gazing on the thief running off with his watch.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The city directory of Louisville for 1880, says in its introduction: "Louisville to-day has 35,000 houses, and a population of 174,000."

The great interest in a certain variety of corn and also of a certain variety of young men is whether it will pop or not.—*McGregor News.*

There are in the United States 727 paper-mills, making 1,800 tons a day of all kinds of paper, but the writing paper used is not 200 tons daily.

Young ladies are now wearing coachmen's coats instead of the ulster. This is to show how they will take the reins in their hands when they choose matrimony as a vehicle for happiness.—*Boston Courier.*

The consumption of writing paper in the United States is one and three-fourth tons daily to each 1,000,000 inhabitants, or eighty tons a day for the whole country. Holyoke is producing fifty tons of writing paper daily.

When a Californian editor gets ready to call a contemporary a "provaricator"—or some other word of a little higher proof—he is always careful to first tell the foreman the style of funeral notice he wants.—*Middletown Transcript.*

A MODERN WAIL.

Darling, I'm waiting for thy reply,
Waking thy answer to my request;
Thy lips are mute, thy eyes are closed,
And thy head lies pillowed on my breast.
Oh peak! be thy answer what it may,
Speak, and my whole life blight or bless—
Whether the cold, harsh, cruel "No!"
Or whether the longed-for, heavenly "Yes."
Thy lips do tremble, but, ah! my dear,
I cannot hear e'en the slightest moan;
Speak more loudly—or, stay, my love,
Breathe it into my amalgamum.
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The Greatest Tunnel in the World.

The practical completion of the Mount St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps makes the following account appropriate and timely: In 1870 Italy, Germany and Switzerland signed a convention guaranteeing $17,000,000 to the company that would construct the St. Gothard railroad and tunnel, Italy giving $9,000,000, Germany $4,000,000 and Switzerland $4,000,000. The original estimates of $37,400,000 proved under the mark, and it was found that $37,800,000 would be required instead. Germany added $2,000,000 to her subsidy, Italy $2,000,000 and Switzerland $1,800,000. The work was begun in the autumn of 1872. The tunnel begins at Goeschenen, in a defile where the river Reuss dashes beneath the famous Devil's bridge, and ends at Airolo, where it overlooks the pleasant pastoral valley of the Ticino. Its length is nine and a third miles—48,936 feet, to be exact; it is nineteen and one half feet high and twenty-six feet in maximum width. Twenty-six hundred men have been employed—Italians with few exceptions. The rock, which has varied from hard granitic gneiss on the Swiss side, to gravel, sand and pebbles on the Italian, has been operated upon in a similar way to that followed in the Cenis tunnel, dynamite being used in blasting operations. Owing to the greater homogeneity and the absence of water, more rapid progress has been made in tunneling through the harder rocks than in dealing with the softer material when the excessive infiltration of water necessitated special drainage arrangements, besides retarding more or less all branches of the work. Thus, in piercing a bed of schist, water was discharged in torrents, and often the work had to be carried on under liquid jets descending with the force of those from a fire-engine pump.

The St. Gothard tunnel is only one section of a railroad running from Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, to Lake Maggiore, in Italy. Besides the big tunnel, there are twelve others, the shortest of which, Warren, is 1,106 yards long, while the longest, the Oiberg, reaches 2,027 yards. The total length of these twelve tunnels is very nearly ten miles—16,376 meters. Then there are five tunnels between 220 and 550, and twenty-five between 110 and 220 yards, making in all fifty-two subsidiary tunnels of an aggregate length of sixteen miles. Between Immensee and Goeschenen there will be thirty-three tunnels, between Airlo and Giubiasco seventeen. The line will be carried over sixty-four bridges and viaducts, the largest of which, that of Cadenazzo, in Tessin, will consist of five arches each having a span of fifty-five yards. The total length of the Gothard line will be 151 miles, seventeen per cent. of it being tunnels and one per cent. bridges and viaducts.

A Sad Story of the War.

In the midst of the great events of the war, such incidents as the following were comparatively unnoticed, and left to be long afterward related in print: Miss Annie Pickens, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, was to be married on April 22, 1863, in Charleston, to Lieutenant Andrew De Rosbelle. The wedding party was assembled in the Pickens residence, and the clergyman was asking the bride if she was ready, when a shell from a Union gun in the harbor broke into the room and burst. Nine persons were hurt, but only Miss Pickens' wound proved mortal. She bore the pain with wonderful fortitude, and was unmoved when informed that she had only an hour or two to live. De Rosbelle said that he would like to have her die his wife, and the poor girl smiled sadly in assent. The guests remember the scene as far more pitiful than they can describe. The bride lay on a sofa, her white dress dabbled in blood and her hair disheveled, while her pallid face was so wrung with agony that her efforts to smile became futile. The ceremony was hurriedly performed, though the bride's "Yes" was in a faint, labored whisper, and her lips hardly moved in response to her husband's kiss. She died immediately afterward.

Chickens a Source of Wealth.

One of the secrets of the prosperity of the French people, and their ability to bear even the heaviest burdens without giving way under them, is the extraordinary thoroughness with which they cultivate their farms, vineyards and orchards, and the profits which they contrive to obtain from the smallest and seemingly insignificant products. We find a fresh exemplification of this in figures lately published in an exchange exhibiting the extent and profits of chicken-raising. There are in France about 40,000,000 hens, valued at $200,000,000. One-fifth are marketed yearly for the table, bringing about $40,000,000. The annual production of chickens is 80,000,000, worth in the city markets $24,000,000, and $2,000,000 are added for the extra value of capons and fatted hens. The production of eggs is estimated at 40,000,000, making the total value of eggs and chickens $80,000,000, $2.21 to every man, woman and child in France. The power to make much out of little, and to live frugally on small means, and with limited resources to fall back on, is the distinguishing trait of the French people, and one well worth emulating.—*Dutchess Farmer.*